

SUSHI.®

Jeff Mullins, Ed., P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

DOUBLE ISSUE!
20 pgs./\$3.00**THE PENULTIMATE WATTS 'NEW RULES' INTERVIEW, Pg. 3**

#43, JUN'92

"We Shiite Dudes with Attitudes were in Fayetteville, NC to see a match when suddenly the seats behind us were invaded by a group of 8-10 year-old heel fans. By any chance does your nephew, Jubie Jay Mullins, have relatives out here? (Unfortunately, I think there may be a connection!) I can't wait for next year's readers' polls in the Observer and Torch. For most "charismatic" I'm voting for Kristy Yamaguchi, hands down. I saw her skate last month. All she did was skate out to the middle of the ice, breathe, and get a standing ovation! That's about 1/3 less than Hulk Hogan has to do. It was amazing." -- Darrell Dickens, Asheboro, NC

Ahoy, everybody! I'm Jeff Mullins, captain of this sort-of-monthly, grap-guzzling, gonzo-cruising Hunter S. Thompsonesque bottom-trawler called Pro Wrestling Sushi.

Tickets cost \$1.50 per trip (\$2.50 for you unfortunate overseas louts who send U.S. cash and money orders or checks which my bank will cash without charging a fee.) A red digit on or near the mailing label represents the number of "rides" you've still got coming.

FLASHBACK: It's the early 1960's. "The Blond Bomber" Ray Stevens is the United States Heavyweight Champ for the hot new Roy Shires' wrestling promotion on the West Coast. Stevens, who many years later will become known as "The Crippler," is wrestling Cowboy Bob Ellis in the promotion's first ever main event at the San Francisco Cow Palace. More people are packed into the Cow Palace tonight than were packed into it for the first two Beatles' performances. The match is in it's third fall and Babyface Ellis is down, flat on his back and groggy as Stevens drags him by the ankles across the ring. The crowd starts to go crazy! During the five weeks of TV which have preceeded the show, the fans have "learned" what Stevens is up to when he grabs opponants by their ankles and drags them to a spot located twelve feet or so from the corner of the ring. Looking over his shoulder, his lips curled, Stevens begins to climb the ring ropes. The crowd's response shifts from crazed to frenzied! Now Stevens is standing atop of the ring post. The ref is dancing about and counting and yelling at Stevens to get down. Back in the 1960's it is illegal to climb the ring ropes! But if Stevens can't climb the ropes, he also can't perform his spectacularly brutal winning move: "The Bombs Away!", the high leap off the top of the ring post, the leg bent into a jack-knife, the knee driving visiously into his victim's exposed throat! But the night is young, and as sure as dogs bark at a full moon, and before the night is over, the fans and Cowboy Bob Ellis will see Ray Stevens climb to the top of those ropes again and drop the bomb!

A few years later another wrestling "cowboy" would find himself flat on his back in the same part of the ring as the same "climbing the ropes" scenario was replayed once again, for the umpteenth hundredth time, with the crowd screaming as ever before for Stevens' blood!

BACK TO THE FUTURE: In one of his first moves to re-define professional wrestling, re-educate the average wrestling fan, and move World Championship Wrestling toward a brighter more profitable future, WCW's newest, Executive Vice President "Cowboy" Bill Watts--among other rules and directives--has "outlawed" climbing the ropes and using the ring post by WCW wrestlers. Whether this and hundreds of other small to major moves and decisions will turn the tide and help vault WCW to land within the shadow of Vince McMahon's WWF, it remains to be seen in the weeks, months, and years to...uh...please excuse me, my significant babe is at the door with news, I hope, about our super-cheap airline tickets for a trip we're planning to take this summer which might very well put us in some of your towns or neck of the woods for a brief "Hello!", lunch, or mini get together! Actually, I have not yet told my babe about this part. But, hey, fingers crossed! See you in a few minutes when we're done yakking...

GRAB BABES VS. GRAP PALS--VIVA LA DIFFERENCE?

Hey, Tom Cole, turn up the music a little louder! It's meeeee! I'm baaack! Hi-ya sports entertainment freaks! Jubie Jay Mullins here, the editor's 9-year-old wrestling-obsessing nephew. I'm gonna edit the rest of this issue of Sushi because Unca Jeff is sort of indisposed at the moment.

Yes, I know. Jeff's been busy a lot lately. I don't know what his problem is. I think he's going through male menopause. Lately he hasn't been watching much wrestling on TV nor has he attended a live house show since the WRESTLEMANIA 8 pay-per-view. (He also didn't watch WRESTLE WAR'92 where Rick and Scott Steiner did a lot for American-Japanese relations by shooting the snot outta the team from Tokyo!) He's not returning many phone calls either and, frankly, I'm worried about him...

I think he and his girlfriend had a big bunkhouse brawl over some crapolla that had to do with pro wrestling and the fact that they were going to take a romantic trip together this summer up the Mississippi River in a paddle-wheel steamboat and Jeff mentioned that he couldn't wait for the trip to begin and his girlfriend asked why (like, "Are you looking forward to seeing some of the old southern plantation homes? Tom Sawyer's Hannibal, Missouri? Civil War battlefields? Dining and dancing on the forward deck under a full moon as the Delta Queen glides past Natchez?") And Jeff said, "Huh-huh. Yeah. Sure." And then she asked, curious, "Is there any other reason why you're looking forward to our trip?" And Jeff said, "Yeah, I'm looking forward to when the boat pulls into St. Louis, and we can go see Harry White." And she asked, "Who is Harry White?" And Jeff said, "Harry White is a good wrestling buddy who sometimes writes in Sushi and some of the other sheets." After Jeff said that, there was a long pause, followed by another very long moment of silence on her part, and I think that's when she began sharing with Jeff a lot of her own, down deep, real personal feelings and philosophical opinions about professional wrestling and Jeff's involvement with graps and the underground wrestling newsletter scene. I don't think she uttered the word "tacky" or anything like that. I think she was still trying to be diplomatic. It was after Jeff said, "What's wrong with having a few friends scattered all over the country and wanting to visit them when I'm in their neck of the woods?" I think that's when she also started breathing like Medusa Maceli and began making faces like Scary Sherry and finally ended up yelling like Missy Hyatt. I'm not positive, but I think that's when Jeff started to get the look on his face he usually gives me when I accidentally open his copy of Ron Lemieux's Arena Report and accidentally get jam all over Klon's column before Jeff gets a chance to read it first. Jeez, I could have told her that about Uncle Jeff. If you want to avoid the "Look"--the one that can turn fresh turd into instant stone--don't mess with his copies of AR and don't ever rag on him like Missy Hyatt!

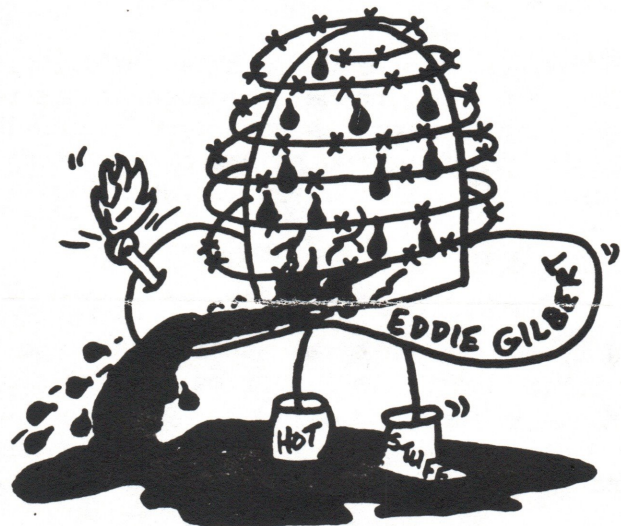
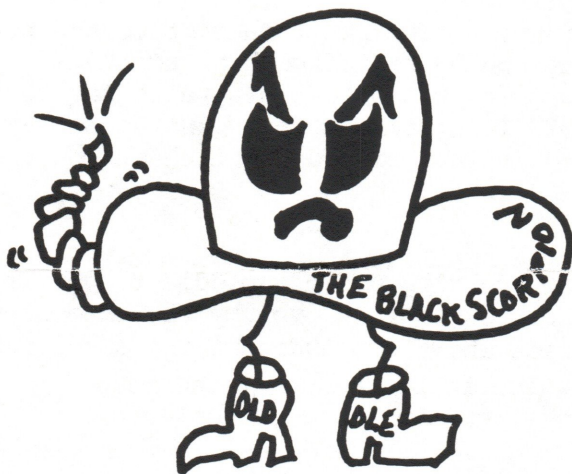
Man, am I glad I don't have female problems. When you're young like I am and when you're only a fourth grader, you really don't hang out a lot with babes (or plan field trips with 'em!) unless your teacher makes you work with 'em in cooperative learning groups during history. And then, if they give you any crapolla, hey, I've watched enough wrestling on TV to know how to handle uppity babes. Pow! Don't know why my Uncle Jeff just didn't put the boots to his girlfriend right then and there before she walked out the door. (Hey, if I was gonna be anywhere near St. Louis, I'd want to see Harry White, too. He's cool. I mean, he doesn't drool or eat beans with his fingers. And just because in the last issue of Sushi he called that woman on Donahue "a pompous douche bag" for what she said about wrestling being "tacky", doesn't mean that you'd want to strike his name from your Xmas list or anything. Humph! Dining and dancing on a big ol' riverboat under the frigg'n moon? For God sakes!) Wrestling! Hooray! Wimmen! Hock-phooey!



* Except for typos and correspondence, I have elected to use the classic Latin spelling of "Medusa" to identify the fiery-hot babe who wrestles, manages, and wears bikinis for WCW. For those interested in the further etymology of her name, the classic Greek spelling is "Medousa," the mythological Gorgon slain by Perseus, who hated snakes about as much as Jake Roberts loves them. Another reason I'm using the "Medusa" spelling is because it is also the name of a baaad-assed jelly fish and, in a sheet named Sushi, it seems only appropriate. -- Jubie Jay ("Ain't public school education wonderful!") Mullins

WCW's NEW FOUR HORSEMEN !?

(3)



BILL WATT'S ERA...ERRORS...OR ERDS FOR WCW DIEHARDS?!

[Sushi's letters editor, Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, conducted the following interview with Bill Watts just after Watts announced WCW's new rules and directives.]

RJH: Bill, no use of barricades and ring posts seems like a peculiar new rule. How will the crowds be held back? How will the ring ropes be held up?

WATTS: Injured wrestlers, midgets, guys who fraternize inappropriately in public, anyone who nags Ole for more than two free tickets to a show, and anyone who invites John Stossel into the dressing room will act as barricades and ring posts.

RJH: When a wrestler accidentally gets kicked in the marble bags, and if it really hurts, how will you know if he's making every effort not to sell the low blow?

WATTS: If his eyes are bugging out and he heaves his cheesburgers and fries, there will be no fine.

RJH: Will a wrestler, say, like Sting be fined for being late if, say, he's one block from the arena and he stops to give mouth to 'mouth' and CPR to a seriously injured Little Stinger who's fallen off his bicycle?

WATTS: Does the kid have a ticket to the show?

RJH: No ticket.

WATTS: Sting's out a thousand bucks!

RJH: Let's say Sting doesn't have a severe injury, but he's got the flu; his temp is 105 degrees; he's heaving his cheeseburgers all over the back seat in the limo; a block away from the arena he sees a Little Stinger get struck by lightning; he jumps out and gives the kid mouth to mouth and CPR; he checks the kid's pockets, but the kid doesn't have a ticket to the show. Stinger is one minute late to the arena and this is the second time Stinger is late? Do you consider all of the above excusable exceptions under your "Acts of God" provision?

WATTS: What does God have to do with any of it? God doesn't give you the flu? You get flu by giving mouth to mouth resuscitation to little kids! Any fool knows you can't hold down cheeseburgers and fries when your temp is 105! And God has not a damn thing to do with lightening bolts which are caused by cold and warm air masses bumping together!

RJH: Sting gets a two thousand dollar fine?

WATTS: Do bears shit in the woods!

RJH: What if Stinger doesn't have a crippling injury, but he can't make it to the town where the show is being held because he has received a phone call from his family physician that his parents were just killed in an auto wreck and that his tests for Cancer and AIDS are positive and he has only a week to live? It's Sting's third infraction and his folks didn't have tickets, either. Five thousand dollars fine and breach of contract?

WATTS: Seems cut and dried to me!

RJH: What if Diamond Dallas Page gets knocked out of the ring and his middle finger is accidentally stepped on by a Catholic nun, and Page gets to his feet over by the announcers' booth, holds his middle finger out in front of his face where the audience can see it and, in pain, he exclaims, "***@%#&! G-g-g-good God!!!" which is picked up by the house P.A. system and everybody hears it? Does the lewdness, cursing, and excessive use of the house mic rule go into effect?

WATTS: Does the nun have a ticket?

RJH: Yes.

WATTS: Now that's an "Act of God!"

DO THE MAJOR UNDERGROUND GRAP WEEKLIES REALLY TELL ALL?

Am I the only nine-year-old kid on earth who wonders why Eddie Gilbert and Medusa Maceli have broken up? Am I also the only person on earth who wonders why none of the major grap weeklies have fully explained just exactly WHY Eddie and Medusa have separated?

In my humble little peanut-sized mind, I'd like to know why the First Family of Grappledom has biforcated. I mean, if you are gonna tell us that Eddie and Medusa are calling it quits--only a few months after they promised "until death do us part"--I think we have the flick'n right to also be told why Eddie and Medusa aren't taking baths in the same tub any more!

There are a lot of things I'd like to know about this latest development in the life of Eddie Gilbert. And if Meltzer, Keller, and Marvez are holding out on me, then let me tell you, pals, I am one pissed little yuppie-puppy.

Who decided to leave who? Was Medusa mad at Eddie for coming home all the time from independent shows with blood all over his collar...and tee shirt...and shorts...and socks... from all those barbed wire cage matches he was having with Cactus Jack? Or was she suspicious that maybe Eddie was on the road messing with virgin ring rats and got in

the way of some exploding hymens?

Or was Eddie unhappy with Medusa because she could do an enziguri kick better than he? Or was he P.O.'d at her because--when she slapped the crap outta promoter Gordon Scozarri--everyone started saying that her slaps "popped" a lot louder than her husband's slaps! Or was Medusa always bugging Eddie about his relationship with his former wife, Missy? "Eddieeee...do you love me more than you loved Missy?" "Eddieeee...was Missy's fried rice fluffier than my fried rice?" "Eddieeee...did Missy iron and fold and put away your Jockey shorts like I do or did she just toss them in the drawer?"

I mean, like, the possibilities are freak'n endless!

But what pees me off more than not knowing WHY Eddie and Medusa busted up, is the likely fact that the three titans of the postal routes--Meltzer, Keller, and Marvez--probably know darn well WHY Eddie and Medusa have split the China and they are keeping the information to themselves.

Which makes me wonder... Why won't they share this important information with us in their respective sheets? Is it because the details of the Gilbert's break-up are grim, sadistic, sordid, too much for the eyes and ears of us hardcore grap and grap celebrity fans? Oh, sure.

Pat Patterson allegedly stuffs his taco into some guy's burrito and whoa! Hold the phone! Terry Boella's alter ego, Hulk Hogan, bullshits Arsenio about steroid use and whoa! Stop the freak'n presses! Or Vince McMahon reportedly grabs a slice of female ref butt in the back seat of a limo and whoa! Momma, tell the mailman to wait! And in the next six issues of the Observer, Torch, and Three Count, splattered all over their front pages, are VIVID DETAILS (or at least some pretty explicit projections) of some of the most disgusting information known to man!

Hey, if Eddie was calling out Missy's name in the middle of the night in his sleep and this was bugging Medusa, I think we grap fans have the right to know. Or if Medusa casually let it slip that she thinks Jason Hervey has a neat tan and Eddie got upset and hit her with a roll of dimes in his fist, I think we have a right to know.

Personally, here's what I think happened between Eddie and Medusa that caused them to cut the bonds of wedlock. (And until I see in print in the major weeklies the real reason WHY Eddie and Medusa are no more, this is gonna be my own personal official reason why Ed & Med have taken separate forks in the road.) My theory goes like this...

A couple of months ago when Eddie and Medusa are on their honeymoon cruise and the Love Boat pulls into the harbour at St. Louis, Eddie suggests that he and Medusa get together for lunch with Harry White, and all of a sudden Medusa gets really pissed and starts hissing and making Scary Sherry faces and begins yelling like Missy Hyatt, and then Eddie starts doing his impersonation of an Andrew Dice Clay concert, and pretty soon they are taping barbed wire to a pair of coal miners gloves and start going at it, until Eddie says that Missy's tuna casserole was tangier than Medusa's and Medusa gets that look in her eyes that can turn turds to stone, and she pulls off her barbed wired glove, throws it on the floor, and runs crying out the door! And Eddie yells, "Don't let the door hit your butt!" And he gets on the phone and calls Harry White who consoles Eddie with the words, "Ahhh, don't worry Eddie. She's just another pompous..."

Or...is it just possible that Eddie and Medusa's split is a work! That Eddie found out Cowboy Bill Watts was coming to WCW and Eddie knew that Cowboy has this thing against Faces and Heels fraternizing while on the road (And Heaven forbid that a Face and Heel might sleep together!) and so Eddie and Medusa talk it over and they agree that nothing should get in Eddie's way of returning to WCW and so they are only PRETENDING to be apart!

Okay, okay. I'm only speculating. I'm only nine, for crying out loud. But, hey, it's a lot more than those journalistic zip code warriors--Meltzer, Keller, and Marvez--have speculated about, and they are the KINGS of speculation!

Okay, okay! I'll pipe down. What can I say? You teach a kid to read, you teach him to read between the lines, you expect him to learn to think critically, and then when he asks some simple questions about why Dave, Wade, and Alex have put a news blackout on the Eddie-Medusa story, you get a little prickly and turn H. Ross Perot on me. Okay, okay! Jeez...

SPECIAL EDITION OF SUSHI FREE! SEE PAGE 15!

Be sure to respond to Sushi's first ever reader's survey on page 15, and receive a free "special" issue of Sushi published for survey participants only!!! Deadline to return the survey is June 30th! Special free issues will be mailed July 1st.

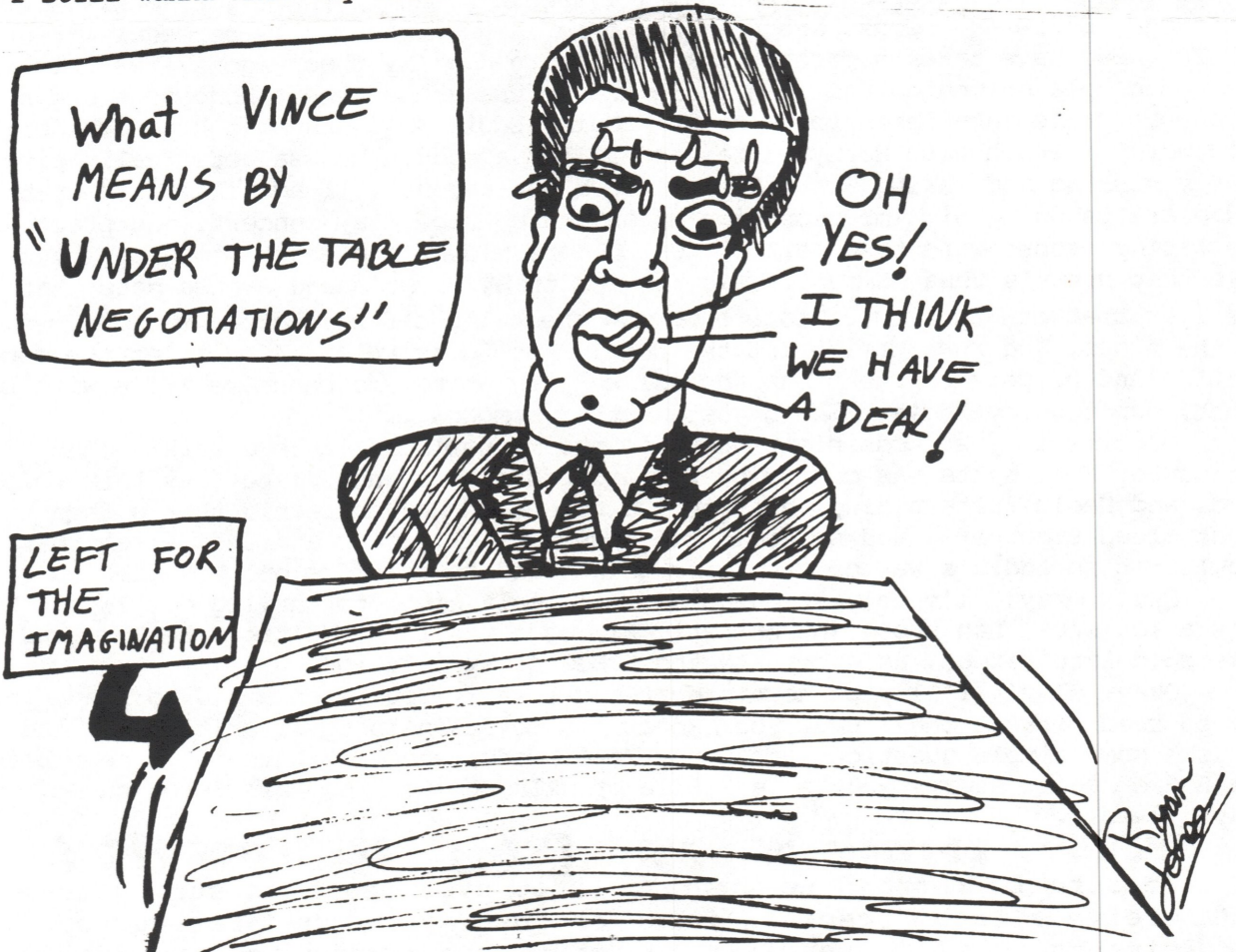
⑥ LIZ AND RANDY SPLIT--SUSHI TELLS ALL !!!

STAMFORD, CT--According to WWF insiders, there is more truth than fiction to the rumor that The Lovely Elizabeth Savage has filed divorce papers to end her real life marriage with Randy Poffo, the famed wrestling "Macho Man".

Irreconcilable differences, Randy's exhaustive WWF travel schedule, and "his abusive behavior when the interview camera is turned off" are three of four reasons Mrs. Poffo listed in her declaration of intent to dissolve the marriage.

The fourth reason noted by Mrs. Poffo...in her own words: "I am attracted to Harry White of St. Louis, MO. I hear from others that he is a cultured, sensitive man, a man who knows the difference between a dime store douche bag and a real woman. I want to meet, kiss, get naked with, and have orgasms and babies with Harry White. I want to tour the nation with Harry White and meet all of his pro wrestling buddies, every last one of them. At night when Harry comes home after a hard day's work at his Bar and Grill, I want to slip into something skimpy and naughty and tip-toe barefooted up behind him and watch the look of delight and surprise on his face when he turns and sees that the something skimpy and naughty I am dressed in is nothing more than a few, taped-on, eight-and-a-half by eleven inch pages torn from the latest bi-weekly issue of Ron Lemieux's Arena Report newsletter, especially when it's an issue that contains one of Harry's clever, witty, ascerbic letters to the editor, that page for sure being strategically taped over my secret spot. Will Harry protest if I demand that he eats those words? I hear that Harry is cool and that he doesn't drool. Harry White. Sigh. My kind 'o guy. Ohhh, yeaahh!"

[Editor's note: Did you see THIS news in any of the big weekly sheets? And if so, did any of them explain in vivid detail the real reason why Liz is dumping Ran? Yeah, pisses me off, too! But don't worry. If someone is bullshitting Arsenio about roids or if someone else is allegedly trying to stuff his taco into Murry Hodgson's burrito, you students of the grap game will get all the dirt you can eat for the next three weeks! -- Jubie Jay "I still wanna know why Eddie and Medusa broke up" Mullins]



MELTZER DEFENDS OBSERVER'S COVERAGE OF CERTAIN STORIES

CAMPBELL, CA--In the 6/1 edition of his Wrestling Observer Newsletter, editor Dave Meltzer roundly chastised reader Brian Scott of Hamilton, Ontario, who complained that Meltzer has been reporting "too much about the dark side of wrestling."

According to Meltzer, "The resulting abandonment of journalistic credibility" (were the Observer to "ignore things" simply "because some are tired of reading about ugly realities" such as drug and sex abuse) "...would taint or ruin whatever credibility and future value" his and similar publications have for "serious students" of the sports entertainment business, which is the "prime audience" his and other sheets like the Observer target.

In the same 6/1 edition of Dave Meltzer's beacon of journalistic credibility, Meltzer also reported that the World Bodybuilding Federation championship was moved to a smaller site in Long Beach, CA, because Martians (from the planet Mars) were planning to raid the original site and "cause green ooze to come out of various different body parts on the different bodybuilders."

MELTZER RECONSIDERS...WILL REVEAL WHY EDDIE + MEDUSA SPLIT-UP!

CAMPBELL, CA--Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned that Observer editor Dave Meltzer has decided to publish a full and complete explanation as to the reasons why Eddie Gilbert and Medusa Maceli broke up.

Reached at his beach front home in Campbell, CA, and reminded of how he swore in the 6/1 Observer that he would never abandon the principals of "journalistic credibility" by ignoring the "ugly realities" which "intrude into a non-serious fantasy world", Meltzer promised to reveal in vivid detail in the next issue of the Observer the circumstances behind the Gilbert's marital unwinding.

NO WONDER EDDIE GOT FED UP !!!

CAMPBELL, CA--Pro Wrestling Sushi has received advanced copy of the front page news story which Dave Meltzer plans to run in the next Observer, a story which discloses all the details about the Eddie Gilbert-Medusa Maceli break-up.

According to Meltzer, "Eddie grew tired of Medusa and dumped her...because whenever she got mad, a bunch of angry red monkeys from Mars would fly out her butt and cover him with slimey green ooze."

[Editor's note: Hey, thanks, Dave! --Jubie Jay "Now I know why Eddie and Medusa split up" Mullins.]

PAPA SHANGO...ROLE MODEL FOR LIL'(BLACK) WARRIORS EVERYWHERE!

Dear Unca Vince,

I don't know about most of the other guys, but I get goose bumps on my pecs (Okay, okay! I get goose bumps on my semi-pecs) whenever the WWF SUPERSTARS show comes on and Papa Shango is featured in an interview, skit, or match. Does the guy "wrestle?" (Can he spell the word? Does he know about work rate?) Who cares? I don't care. All I care about is what kind of neat VooDoo thing Papa Shango is going to do next to some poor jobber or the Ultimate Warrior (Okay, okay! The Ultimate Semi-Warrior. Man, has he been de-roided, or what?)

It's so cool the way Papa Shango goes into that spaz trance 'n' dance bit of his just before he puts the VooDoo hex on his victims. And the way he rolls his eyes, and boogaloos, and licks his lips.

Man, I'll bet your TV ratings with Black Americuns has really soared since Papa Shango has been on the shows, him being such a damn good role model for little Black kids and all.

Yeah, I can just hear thousands of Black parents across America (from Black parents with college educations to Black single parents on welfare) calling to their prepubescent sons and daughters, "Hey, Buckwheat! Hey, Bearcat! Hey, Begonia! Hey, Bobo!" Get yo' black little butts in here! Papa Shango is on TV! Papa Shango is on TV! See, you don't have to beat up white kids with baseball bats or throw bricks at 'em like those Crips and Bloods did to that truck driver in Los Angeles. Like Papa Shango you can beat 'em up with VooDoo and make Evil Goc run out their brains! Or give 'em the hex and make 'em puke their Wheaties! Or carry a smoking skull to school and set their Air Jordans on fire!

HAHAHAHAHAHAH!"

I learn so much about life from you, Unca Vince. In fact, I think SUPERSTARS should be a prerequisite before a kid can go to Kindergarten. I especially admire your business techniques and ethics. Like the way you lifted the Papa Shango gimmick from the VooDooMon at GWF. VooDooMon fails to copyright his gimmick; you steal it from him; don't use him; don't pay him for it; don't return his phone calls when he calls asking, and you can go to bed at night and sleep like a lamb knowing that (you didn't really screw a black man outta something) you simply taught his shiny black ass a lesson for his own good. HAHAHAHAHAHA!

Boy, I like the way you got the Semi-Warrior to puke, Unca Vince. I play that angle back in slo-mo, forwards and backwards, backwards and forwards, and it gets better and better each time I view it. Hey, if Dave Meltzer can run clips of Jushin Liger back and forth a dozen times, then I can watch yellow puke shoot in and out of Semi-Warrior's mouth a bunch of times. (Hey, have you ever thought of using the slogan, "We Wrestle!" Don't, okay? I'd hate for you to have to change anything.) Unca Dave's got his favorite matches and bumps and moves, and I've got my favorite skits, and urps and goos. Ain't America great! We are such a pluralistic nation.

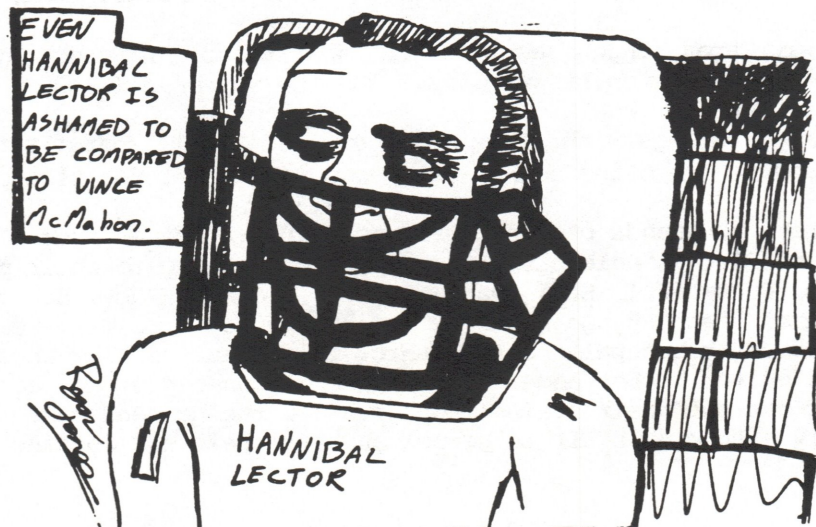
Here are some of the things I'd like to see happen next when Papa Shango does VooDoo on his victims: hair falling off a guy's head in big chunks, snakes or bugs crawling out a guy's mouth, a baby Alien (like in Alien I) busting out of some guy's abs, and angry red monkeys from Mars flying out someone's butt! And don't forget to use feces and urine, like I suggested last month, Unca Vince. I'm honored that you used my ideas about vomit and pus (Evil Goo!) from the letter I wrote to you in Sushi #42. And it's okay that you don't pay me for these ideas. Hey, I'm no young, black, outta work, jobber who lost his gimmick to the Fed! I'm just a little white kid who's gonna rule the world someday, like Sid Justice. Speaking of Sid...Where is he lately? Playing slow pitch? In re-hab? Getting his sweat glands fixed? Learning a new move, like a deadly arm bar?

Last but not least, I really want to compliment you on the show you've got coming to the Arena in Oakland, CA. According to Sean Mooney, the Semi-Warrior and Papa Shango will go at it in the main event. The big question is, can vomit, Evil Goo, and fire pack 'em into the seats better than Ric Flair and Randy Savage did a couple months ago? Sean Mooney's big question is, "Will the Warrior be in condition to step into the ring?" My big question is...Will Warrior have any bodily fluids left inside him by show time?

Hey, how about Papa Shango making more than just Evil Goo flow off Mean Gene Okerlund? How about Shango making something gross come out Mean Gene's mouth? In goes a bratwurst covered with mustard...out comes a dozen garter snakes and a pint of okra colored upchuck!

Yeah, I like it!

Hey, watcha gonna do when Evil Pee and Evil Poo start running wild all over you?! Ahhhhh, professional wrestling! Uuuurp! Best wishes,
Jubie Jay Mullins



[Editor's note: Last month, my pen pal Wade "The Shade" Ratliff of Blanchard, OK drank an entire bottle of Gatorade and came up with the following one-page newsletter while holding his breath...and bladder! I'd hate to think what Wade could REALLY do with steroid assisted lungs and TWO bottles of Gatorade in him! -- Jubie Jay Mullins]

9



THE TATTLEB

WRESTLING
NEWSLETTER



... By Wade Ratliff, Blanchard, OK ...

WRESTLING TATTLEB REVEALS...

Jubie Jay Mullins a 9 year old from Sushiland, CA could be the illegitimate child of a certain tape dealer from McKeesport PA. An inside source from Pennsylvania says that approximately nine years ago he accompanied the renowned WWF fan to California to catch a WWF card. "I don't know what happened but He dissappeared for a couple hours one night. Next thing I know, nine years later, there's a little kid spouting that same pro-WWF stuff I have heard for years. It's just too similiar to dismiss." We tried to get interviews from Jubie Jay and from the unnamed man, but didn't try that hard or it could ruin the story.

PRAZAK CHALLENGES KELLER TO DEATH MATCH!!

David Prazak of Lisle IL burst into the offices of Pro Wrestling Torch and smacked Torch editor Wade Keller over the head with a steel chair. Prazak incensed by Keller's "BELOW THE BOTTOM LINE" in the April 30th issue of PWT said he was "clearing my name"! Wade made a mistake and said something about Ric Flair not being GOD and Dave went totally psycho. Dave began punching and kicking the downed Keller. Through tears of anger Prazak was heard to say "It was all your idea to show those matches that Flair lost in WCW!". Prazak then clipped off some of Keller's hair and requested a one fall 3 minute time limit death match. Dave Meltzer will be the referee. The steroid ban will be lifted for this match only as neither could get off the juice in time.

DAVE MELTZER IN SEX SCANDAL

Dave Meltzer of Campbell CA has reportedly gotten involved in a sex scandal. Meltzer said that he "wasn't getting as much time on TV as any of the people involved in the Titan scandals." So Dave reportedly went out and did all sorts of nasty things that make the previous accusations look like child's play. [No pun intended] The details of the extent of the whole sordid situation were sketchy at press time but I'm told it involves Dave, artificial turf, a rocket pack, a gorilla and The Statue of Liberty!

IVAN KOLOFF TRYING NEW GIMMICK

Ivan Koloff, finally realizing that the evil Russian gimmick is no longer drawing any money, decided to hang up his Russian chain. Ivan hasn't decided what his next gimmick would be but has two choices that he is thinking over. 1. A KKK member named Dave Duke, or 2. a Japanese businessman that calls all Americans "Lazy & Stupid."

WCW DRAWS 52,000 IN GEORGIA

WCW, still attracting small crowds, drew 52,000 fans in The Georgia Dome. K. Allen Frey, Dusty Rhodes and Magnum T.A. all got together with crayons and paper and proceeded to sketch or "draw" 50,000 fans so the arenas wouldn't look so empty. I guess this is what they mean by the audience being heavily papered.

MESSAGE TO ERIC KROL

Yes, it's just you.

MCMAHON BANS ALL JUICE

WWF bigwig Vince McMahon has banned all juice for WWF stars. Said one disgruntled superstar: "I don't mind not being on steroids, and I don't mind not bleeding but there is no way he can make me give up my Tang!" Stay tuned to Tattler for more on the situation.

NEW WRESTLING/HORROR MOVIE ANNOUNCED

"I WAS A TEEN AGE RING BOY" to begin filming soon. Michael J. Fox to star in the lead roll. Supporting cast to be announced later. Tattler wonders who will play Pat Patterson and Terry Garvin. We think Arsenio Hall should play Mel Phillips. Not because he looks anything like Phillips but we just want to see Terry Funk say "Let's get busy" and destroy Hall.

Despite rumors to the contrary; Tattler has learned that Matt Creamer of Oshkosh WI is not a work. We asked for proof and he produced a letter from "Matt's Mother" that stated "Matt is not a work!" I think Steve Sims has evidence to the contrary.

MELTZER WAS KIDDING! SUSHI REVEALS REAL REASON...

ATLANTA, GA--Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from highly placed sources within WCW and the independent wrestling scene that it was Eddie Gilbert who initiated the break-up of his few months long marriage to female grap star Medusa Maceli.

According to sources, the break-up was not because Medusa could kick, slap, or perform certain wrestling holds better than her estranged husband, nor was it because (as first rumored) that during the Gilbert's honeymoon Eddie had suggested he and his bride drop in on some of Eddie's underground newsletter pals and editors.

Actually, according to Sushi's informants, it was Medusa who suggested she and Eddie have lunch with underground grap fan Harry White when their Greyhound Bus stopped in St. Louis, MO. Eddie started ragging on Medusa about how unromantic and selfish she was to want to include a "tacky" hardcore in their honeymoon experience and he kicked her off the bus.

[Temporary Editor's note: The following was written by Jeff Mullins before he lost a recent hair vs hair match with his babe and before he went into male menopause over it. -- Jubie Jay Mullins]

ALL KIDDING ASIDE... BY JEFF MULLINS, EDITOR

Bill Watts has finally returned to wrestling and WCW's got him. O-o-o-okay.

Last year, when Pro Wrestling Torch editor Wade Keller was running those terrific "Torch Talks" with Bill Watts, I could not help but smile at what Cowboy Bill was really up to.

Whether Wade instigated the calls or whether Cowboy Bill engineered them, it was apparent to me that Bill Watts had an agenda. A purpose. He was sending a message. A challenge. A dare. He was pointing a finger, kicking ass, naming names. He was also making it clear that he could do a better job running WCW...if he were running the business. He wasn't telling anyone anything anybody with common sense and sufficient eyesight didn't already know. WCW sucked. WCW was in the toilet. Morons were running the show. WCW was a laughing stock. And Vince McMahon was laughing the loudest, the longest, and the hardest.

The series of interviews with Bill Watts in the Torch was the best reading in months in all of the sheets, rivaled only by the controversial and exclusive interviews and reports coming out by, from, and/or about Billy Graham, David Shults, Barry Orton, Patterson, etc., during the peak of the big steroids and sex harassment controversies.

Yep, Cowboy Bill Watts was making a point and issuing a dare. Wade got the interviews. We all got to read them. But the Cowboy wasn't really talking to Wade or to us. Nope. He was talking to someone else, some other cowboy-like, macho-man-type, chaw chewing, shit under the boots wearing, gunslinger who Watts knew would read his words, eventually, and, eventually, would be drawn like bug to bug-bait to one--and only one--conclusion. That Cowboy Bill Watts should be given the opportunity to put up or shut up.

Let there be no mistake, Ted Turner had the major hand in the hiring of Bill Watts. Of course. But Ted had to do two things first before bringing Watts aboard.

First, he had to see to it that Herd got canned and, second, that someone else filled Herd's slot. Someone other than Bill Watts.

There was not one way in Hell that Ted Turner would allow Watts to be hired now. It was, for all intents and purposes, Ted's way to pave the way for Watts, while at the same time demonstrating to Watts that Ted was the Man, that, yes, Watts had gotten his (Ted's) attention, but in doing so and in saying things the way he did, in saying them in such a way that it was a "challenge," a "dare" directly aimed at Ted's balls, Ted had to let Watts cool it for a while. No sweat. These are the kinds of silent, subtle games the big boys play, the dance of the bulls. (Go ahead, pull out those issues of the Torch containing the interviews and read them again, and tell me that Bill Watts isn't talking directly to Ted Turner and that Ted wasn't interested, bemused, hooked. And that he also wasn't going to go right out and hug Bill like it was the Second Coming.)

Bill the Bull. Bill the carny. Bill the grap promoter pushing the biggest angle of his life. All those years of booking his successful territory, getting fans to bite and come back to the house shows after swallowing the bait on the TV shows. Bill the Fisherman, baiting that big hook in the Torch and casting it kerplop into Ted Turner's lap. Fishin' with Roland Martin and Orlando Wilson never saw a better fishing line or fishing strategy than the big lure Bill Watts tossed toward Atlanta, GA in those "Torch Talks."

For Kip Allen Frey, the appointment as V.P. of WCW was, well, let's be kind. The job went to his head and he was over his head, out of his league, knee deep in bad shit, and sinking. Poor Kip, pawn in the bigger game. More likeable than Herd, but just about as wrestling dumb, wrestling stupid, and wrestling ignorant as Herd, and as much a fish out of water as a fish can get, especially in the pond called pro wrestling. The Kip Fry "era" was nothing more than time for Ted Turner and Bill Watts to fish and be fished. And time for Turner to seriously, once and for all, evaluate the past, present, and future of his WCW grappling outfit and fish or cut bait. Kip Fry was cut. Sacrificed, really. S'what happens when babes get between bulls. And finally, at long last, Watts was reeled in.

With the WWF being king of a smaller mountain now, a plateau really, since interest in pro wrestling is no where near where it was a few years ago, I doubt that even an exact

clone of the remarkably successful Vince McMahon (or even Vince himself) could bring WCW from out of its depths to a position equal to or near the WWF's stature, not within the next twelve months and surely not by Xmas. And, sadly, Watts or no Watts, there are some who believe that WCW will never even get close to returning to its own glory days. Watts is no Vince McMahon. If he was, he would have been thinking and plotting and making moves like McMahon did back in the early 80's to put his UWF promotion where the WWF is today.

So, while I am happy that Watts is aboard WCW, I have no exaggerated fantasies that he will soon, if ever, clean Vince's clock. But I do have some fantasies and some expectations as to what the Cowboy might be able to accomplish. Back in the mid-80's, when the WWF's product and appeal were soaring like gangbusters, and just before the Crockett's bought (and Dusty killed whatever was left of) the UWF, the Watts' promotion (via its TV shows) was the most exciting wrestling outside of Japan.

In my neighborhood, the UWF shows came on the tube on Friday nights and I will never forget the anticipation I felt waiting for work to be over, waiting for evening to come, waiting for the UWF show to fill my livingroom. Somehow, without a Hulk Hogan, without a roided to the gills "Mr. Wonderful" Paul Orndorf, without hardly any names or glamorous (in today's terms) types of workers, the Watt's shows were the quickest, hottest, wildest, most interesting grap faire in the land.

Yes, it's now about a half a decade later, even longer when you realize that many of us have been fixated most of our lives on this sport, with most of us obsessing and swallowing wrestling fodder (in the sheets, at the house shows, on the PPV's, via weekly television, through tape trading, and/or by listening to radio-wrestle talk shows) non-stop now for more years than is probably mentally, emotionally, and physically healthy.

But somehow, the name Bill Watts rings a dormant distant chord, a knot of hope that lassos all the good memories of what wrestling used to be and might be once again. Yes, I have expectatiions. And in the back of my mind, as I recall those UWF shows, I can almost hear the long ago UWF voice of a younger, fresher, vibrant Jim Ross: "People, it's breaking down here! It's falling apart! This place is going ab-so-lute-ly wild! We've run out of television time! We've got to get out of here! See you next week!" Whoa!

Boy, would I like to feel that again.

OBSERVER RATE HIKE? OR 'EUROPA'-DAVE TO THE RESCUE?

CAMPBELL, CA--Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from a respected observer of the underground pro wrestling newsletter scene that Dave Meltzer will be forced to raise the price of his newsletter by 25¢ a week to \$1.75 an issue or \$7 a month and that it is possible the price increase could go as high as 50¢ a week to \$2.00 per issue or \$8 a month, and that the price increase could take effect before the end of 1993.

Currently costing \$78 a year, subscribers would pay \$91 annually or up to \$104 per annum, depending on which route Meltzer actually takes.

Reasons for the impending price lift include 1) declining subscription renewals, 2) narrowing of the gap between new and old subscribers due to a flattening of the new subscriber curve, 3) inflationary impacts on newsletter production and distribution costs, 4) loss of revenue when the annual yearbook was not published earlier this year, 5) to a smaller extent loss of salary (and exposure) when the NATIONAL SPORTS DAILY folded and he lost his job as the newspaper's wrestling columnist, and 6) need for investment capital to be used to a.) expand circulation of the Observer "globally", and/or b.) to publish a second Observer-like newsletter, one dealing with the odd world of professional and amateur bodybuilding.

Other reasons for the change in price include the overall, general state of the wrestling business (when less people are interested in pro wrestling, as indicated by the two year slide in Apter-like magazine sales, declining house show attendance, diminished pay-per-view buys, and historically low television ratings, the impact is also going to be felt in some very large to almost imperceptably small ways by the producers of underground newsletters, felt not so much by the successful smaller sheets, but certainly felt by the major weeklies and those editor/publishers who have recently entered the weekly game.) In essence, the phenominal growth patterns of the mid to late 1980's are no longer there for wrestling newsletters, especially the weeklies which traditionally did better subscriptionwise than the bi-weeklies and monthlies.

One way Meltzer could temporarily avoid the 20-25% price increase, would be to reduce the number of pages from 10 to 8 each week. This would represent a 20% savings in production costs. But where would he cut back? There are many who routinely skip over

the two pages of weekly Japan and Luche reports. The Readers' Pages, once the first pages which most subscribers turned to in the mid-80's (by Meltzer's own admission), are still interesting and thought-provoking, but are nowhere near the vitality and a must-read fact of life for many of the Observer's faithful. Insider news, which is now the driving force for most subscribers, can't be trimmed, least the Observer come off looking like it has been scooped by the other major weeklies. Also, unless the other weeklies followed suit, the Observer being the only weekly to cut back the number of pages would jeopardize the Observer's current status as the king of sheets. While reduction of pages is possible, according to Sushi's analyst, it is the last thing Meltzer will do, but it is not completely out of the question.

Several other scenarios, one or two of which Meltzer apparently is rumored to be exploring (in lieu of raising prices at this time), is marketing the newsletter more aggressively in foreign markets, particularly Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico (a Hispanic-language version of the Observer focusing mostly on the Luche side of the business which will surely make the Mexican promoters piss buckets of picante sauce) and especially Europe and Great Britain where pro wrestling is experiencing a resurgence thanks to recent successful tours by the WWF but also thanks to hardworking local promoters like Otto Wanz and others on the continent.

In order to increase circulation in these areas, Meltzer will need to do two things: 1) Take full advantage of the technology available to him and surrounding him in Silicon Valley, ie. computers, modems, fax machines, other telecommunications systems, and even satellite, and 2) establish a network of "overseas" distributors who would receive the Observer "electronically", reproduce it locally, and mail it out immediately, thus circumventing the delay experienced by current foreign subscribers.

But will Meltzer do these things and, more importantly, is he up to doing this things motivationwise and enthusiastically. Few longtime hardcores will forget that it was Steve Beverly of Matwatch and Wade Keller of Pro Wrestling Torch who began producing their successful sheets via computers/word processors many months before Meltzer grudgingly gave up his typewriter and began publishing the Observer via high tech. Although, and give Meltzer his due, he did not waste as much time installing his fax machine which has taken much of the pressure off the amount of time he finds himself spending taking match reports and news via the phone, or at least with the fax and phone combination it provides him with two information/news reception vehicles compared to only one.

But can and will Meltzer do it--expand the scope and reach of the Observer?

Essentially, except for printing, folding, sorting, etc., the Observer is a one person operation, a small (albeit successful) cottage industry dependent upon an obsessive, loyal network of contacts, sources, and friends which (along with Meltzer's resourcefulness, personality--he really is a very friendly, affable, cordial guy--and journalistic skills) has enabled Meltzer to put out a weekly sheet for ten years now. But to expand, and to do so aggressively, and in foreign lands, will mean Dave will have to let go of a lot of power and personal control over his day to day, week to week operations (not to mention the loss of full control over his and the Observer's ultimate destiny). And that means a lot of other people could be involved in the business side of publishing the Observer and this may be something Meltzer simply cannot adapt to. And who could blame him for being nervous and having cold feet, as notorious as this business is for being rife with cheats, crooks, and con men?

Yet, as many of us have experienced, especially when it comes to the varied and wide ranging type of fans and friends in the underground, the investment, intelligence, technological, organizational, and creative pool of talent that exists in Meltzer's subscription list alone would almost guarantee him the brains, brawn, and bucks needed to branch out, explore, and conquer the brave new world that is out there, its inhabitants hungry for its weekly and timely pro wrestling fix. Hmmm. If Vince McMahon sees the hand writing on the wall (that pro wrestling in the United States is at a stagnant plateau) and is making his big move on Great Britain and Europe, etc., then it does not take a Rhodes' scholar (or even Dusty Rhodes) to realize that there is also money and friends to be made overseas for the experienced, industrious, ambitious, pro wrestling newsletter editor like Meltzer.

(Or Wade Keller or Alex Marvez, both of whom are younger, have more ease and familiarity with technology, are hungry, are certifiably skilled, are definitely driven to

succeed, and have the old attitude that second place Avis Rent-A-Car used to have when it was really in competition with Hertz--a strong desire to be extremely successful, if indeed, not number one.) (13)

The bottom line? If wrestling's popularity continues to decline and drags with it many more hardcore wrestling and newsletter-buying fans and if wrestling's popularity fails to turn around quickly enough, and if Dave's income from his sheet continues to shrink, the pressure on Dave to turn to one or more of the above mentioned alternatives will reach critical mass. And Dave will have no choice.

Maybe that is not exactly correct. Perhaps there is one other avenue Dave can take just short of implementing the above. He could always fold the Observer and return to a fulltime job in sports writing. Frank Deford, the former editor in chief of the NATIONAL SPORTS DAILY, who is currently involved in television sports analysis, still writes, and is widely revered by the jock-scribes and the broadcast media, has a soft spot in his heart for Dave (due in part to the popularity of Dave's former weekly wrestling column in the DAILY) and would not hesitate to broker an available big journalistic position for Dave somewhere.

Wrestling's newsletter scene without Dave Meltzer? It has a strange sound and feel to it, doesn't it?

I'm banking on Dave being around for another 10 years. In the meantime, I just hope he keeps his subscription lists from mixing with each other if and when he begins to publish those foreign versions of the Observer. I mean, just because I like to watch some of the Japanese and Luche stuff, doesn't mean I can read it!

SHEETWATCH@... WHAT'S UP IN THE UNDERGROUND

BILL THE BAKER: "Welcome back, Master Chef Bill Watts. The spatula is yours. Stir lightly. The dough is pretty gey in these here parts." -- Editor Jeffrey Cohen compares Cowboy Bill's return to that of an award-winning baker in a brilliant, metaphorical piece that focuses on Watts' rise, fall, and rise again, like good bread dough. Take a bi-monthly bite of FANTASY FEDERATION (\$3/3 issues), 50 Shelley Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023.

POTSHOT RETURNS: "The time is now to rid all wrestling of racism, xenophobia, homophobia and female-phobia... We all know how women have been portrayed as supportive characters, bimbos, T & A idiots. That's why "corporate bitch", Alexandra York, was so refreshing-intelligent, dignified and thankfully Dusty never had her spanked on camera as we were dreading." -- Mike Lano in the letters section of John Arezzi's weekly PRO WRESTLING SPOTLIGHT (\$6/4 issues), 136 N. Carll Ave., Suite 125, Babylon, NY 11702.

(FLASH: Issue #5 will begin a three part interview with Dave Meltzer on the origins and evolution of the Observer as well as the premier column of former Torch staffer-toonman Bill "Potshot" Kunkel. Should be a very interesting month for radioman-convention promoter Arezzi who, admirably, seems to be shaking off the residue left over from his celebrated split with Vince Russo.)

WRY NEW SHEET: "Sting! Sting! Answer me this, Sting: What did Eddie Gilbert ever do that was so great that God let him marry Missy and Madusa in one lifetime? I have no answer, Sting! I need a drink! The Scorpion is drinking early today, Sting!" -- The Black Scorpion in a "Clive Barker the Booker" parody in the hilarious new, wrestling-savvy, three-issues-a-month sheet called HEAVILY PAPERED (\$1 per ish) published by Paul Dizadji, 9717 S. Keeler #103, Oak Lawn, IL 60453. Something fun to read between the arrivals of Sushi!

TEMPER, TEMPER: "On numerous occasions, (Eddie) Gilbert has allowed his temper to block his judgement and, resultantly, his success. His departure from the CWF booker position in 1988 was the beginning of a three year cyclical pattern of unreliability, poor temperament and, in some cases, dishonesty." -- Co-editor Paul MacArthur raising some doubt about Eddie Gilbert, causing one to wonder if the young star's image is too tarnished? If indeed he ever will wind up right hand man to Bill Watts in the WCW. Controversial stuff from "The McLaughling Group of Pro Wrestling" at WRESTLING PERSPECTIVE (\$1.25), P.O. Box 401, Camillus, NY 13031-0401. Warning: Some fans of E.G. might find issue #25 offensive.

(14) MELTZER: "Being at the six month point of the year, it's as good a time as any to give my own picks for the bests of this past year." -- Editor Dave Meltzer's 6/15 intro for his personal favorite mid-year candidates in 15 wrestling categories, with ten (or 66%) of his top picks going to grapplers from the Japanese promotions, with four (or 27%) of his picks involving hot Japanese female wrestler Manami Toyota and the perennially hot All Japan Women promotion. Williams and Gordy (Japanese promotion--due to fact that most of their wrestling so far has been overseas) get the edge as "Tag Team of the Year." For balanced, thorough coverage of wrestling all over the world, it's the weekly OBSERVER (\$12/8 issues), P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, CA 95009-1228.

ROPE A DOPE: "Eliminating the top rope moves will force wrestlers to learn the psychology that creates fan suspense. There are some Japanese women's matches in Tokyo that utilize every top rope move invented and then some, but by the end of a 20 minute match, the viewer can reach a state of fatigue because most of the moves are not sold beyond the initial impact." -- Editor Wade Keller's effort to see the positive side of one of Bill Watts' more controversial decisions since taking over the reigns at WCW. For 12 weekly pages of in depth U.S. coverage and photos by Wade and his outspoken columnists you can't beat PRO WRESTLING TORCH (\$5/4 issues), P.O. Box 201844, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

DON'T BE CRUEL: "Bill Watts is in WCW and hardcores everywhere are screaming like a bunch of teenage girls for Elvis."..."I wish they'd invent the Cowboy-cam so we could be in on the meetings between Watts and his new employees. I'd especially love to see the meeting with (Jim) Barnett." -- When you've got K.C. O'Connor and Mike Terry (respectively) tossing out tobacco laden one liners like these, you really do get the feeling that SMOKEY MOUNTAIN WRESTLING's James Cornette is alive and well and is possibly writing columns under pseudonyms for Ron Lemieux's bi-weekly ARENA REPORT (\$1 per ish), P.O. Box 952547, Lake Mary, FL 32795-2547. (Of course AR also has Jim Cornette's twin brother-columnist "Klon" who, like the Mel Gibson character in the LEATHEL WEAPON flicks, is forever getting Ron into delicious trouble with his readers.) Jubie Jay sez, "Definitely worth the buck!"

MOTHBALLS CAN BE FUN: "I for one would rate Buddy Rogers [not Ric Flair] as the greatest of all time...because A) he was, and B) Flair copied a good bit of (Roger's) routine, right down to the strut, fancy robes, and figure-4 leglock." --Wrestling mainstream writer Dale Pierce of WRESTLING WORLD explains his disgust with the current mat scene and the sheets in Evan Ginzburg's monthly tour of WRESTLING THEN & NOW (\$1.50 per ish), P.O. Box 471, Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, NY 11364. (FLASH: David Williamson, longtime sheet contributor and funny guy extraordinaire, has come out of hiding and is doing what should turnout to be a terrific nostalgia series for WT&N. Terry Gordy is highlighted in ish #29)

G'BYE, DON: "[A] difference between (Don) Owen and (Sandy) Barr is that Barr lacks something essential in actually running a whole promotion. It may be common sense... He favors matwork to high spots along with no angles." -- Editor Mike Rodgers' welcoming salvo to the new promoter of the infamous Portland, OR wrestling territory. Shades of Bill Watts there? A monthly update on the trials and tribulations of a small corner of the grap world, RING AROUND THE NORTHWEST (only 50¢ per ish!) is like getting a pen pal letter from a guy who knows and sees all and fills in the "editorial" gaps left uncovered by the weeklies. Write to 2740 SE Lewellyn, Troutdale, OR 97060.

MASK FACTORIES?!!: "Mexico City is a very easy place to get around (even if you don't speak Spanish). I have addresses of the arenas, promotions, gyms, hotels, mask factories, museums, etc. Anyone who wants to chat about anything related to attractions, accommodations, whatever, just write or call me." -- Editor Stephen H. Sims telling fans of Mexican-styled wrestling about a group trip he's planning for the area this summer. For trip news and 10 pages of LUCHA LIBRE WEEKLY (\$1 per ish), from a white guy who's become the world class expert on the snappy world of luchadores, write to 1427 West Dickens Ave., Chicago, IL 60614-3003 or call (312) 477-3996.

ROCKY MT. HIGH: "One of the strangest matches I've ever participated in was a battle royal involving 18 men and 18 weapons. The rules stipulated that you could take any weapon of your choice into the ring. Talk about dangerous. My partner found himself with twelve stitches in his head and a broken finger. I also received eight stitches and a broken nose." -- Pit Bull Rex in a worked interview with Boyce Johansen who edits WRESTLE GRAM (\$1.50 per ish), 5424 W. 69th Ave., Arvada, CO 80003. With photos of wrestlers you only hear about in the weeklies, great caricatures of famous wrestlers, and a Stately Wayne Manorish column by "Dungeonmaster" Dave Szymanak, WG is a fun diversion for any hardcore who has forgotten his roots!)

LAND OF THE ROOS: For \$2 U.S. currency Craig Reedy of P.O. Box 988, Bayswater, Victoria 3153, Australia will send a copy of his all new WRESTLING DOWN UNDER, a 40-page, state of the art, classy walk on the wild side by a crew of Aussies which includes the talented Dan Lennard who has contributed to several U.S. sheets of late. \$10 U.S. will get you six issues of the Down Under point of view, just the tonic for any hardcore looking for a change of pace. Use 50¢ worth of U.S. stamps to mail one or two U.S. bills and a small slip of note paper (½ ounce) or 95¢ in stamps if your letter, cash, and envelope are up to one ounce.

WAR OF THE WORDS: "Juice: In the wrestling context, refers to a wrestler

bleeding. Out of the ring, refers to anabolic steroid use." --Mike Rosenthal in **(15)** "Terminology," a glossary on inside terms used in the wrestling business which appeared in issues #34-35 of Alex Marvez's weekly THREE COUNT (\$6/4 issues), 8850 S.W. 19th Street, Miami FL 33165. Marvez had the best insider's look at the John Arezzi-Vince Russo debacle with interviews and this comment from Russo, "I consider myself a casual fan. If you want to call me a mark, go ahead. I could care less. I am in the majority of the WWF fans." No wonder the early issues of Spotlight made me feel like someone was stuffing a WWF-type magazine down my throat. Marvez and Arezzi are now going at it mano a mano (albeit in a friendly way) for the undisputed claim to third place in the race among weeklies.

BRIEF GLIMPSES: Vic Stanley writes to inform that his SCREWJOB FINISH will temporarily cease publication until his job situation stabilizes and gives him more free time. Meanwhile, I guess, we'll have to be content with scanning various readers' pages for letters from Stanley humor-alike contributor Butch Bigelow, of Dead Dog, KY... I've just listened to Harry White's 2-hours of interviews with many wrestling legends at the recent CAULIFLOWER ALLEY jam in Southern Calif. Simply awesome. For info about the audio tapes, contact Harry at 1075 McCausland, St. Louis, Mo 63117... The July '92 issue of Sheldon Goldberg's MAT MARKETPLACE (\$2.50) should be available now for tape and memorabilia traders at P.O. Box 2371, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130. Sheldon's keen eye for interesting tid-bits locked away in the nooks and crannies of wrestling always make MM an enjoyable read... Bi-weekly grap sheet addicts should take a close look at Dave Prazak's OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE (\$6/4 issues) whose battery of columnists includes the always irrepressible Bobby Yates of Asheboro, N.C. Write Dave at 2278 Hidden Creek Ct., Lisle, IL 60532... Anyone who might still have a copy of Joe Bob Briggs' nationally syndicated column which appears in many Sunday newspapers and which contained a letter I wrote about (cough-cough!) Walt Disney, I'd appreciate getting a copy as I lost mine... **KEEPING IN TOUCH:** Former PRO WRESTLING THIS WEEK editor Vinnie Carolin of Stroughton, MA says, "PWTW was a weekly part of my life and I do miss it, but I have a little more time to myself and I can leave the others to keep the news going. It was fun while it lasted but fun can only go on for so long (just ask Carson)." The Vinster was one of about 60 hardcore sheet & grap fans who converged on Baltimore for BASH'90 which, according to many, is still the best get-together in underground history. Here's hoping that record is laid to rest soon.

FREE SPECIAL ISSUE OF SUSHI FOR SURVEY HELP!

On July 1st, a very special, shorter, "private" Summer edition of Sushi (one that promises to be quite unique and revealing) will be sent **FREE** to you subscribers who tell us your feelings about all or most of the following:

1) Double Issues, 2) Jubie Jay Mullins, 3) Sushi News Service stories, 4) Sushi coming out monthly or every two months, 5) or a shorter weekly or bi-weekly Sushi, 6) the letters-to-the-editor pages & Riki-Jack Hammeroyd's comments, 7) Jeff's All Kidding Aside & Serious Sushi sections, 8) Stephen Meyerson's editorials, 9) add on or return some columnists or not, 10) the new "Sheetwatch" feature, 11) amount of cartoons per issue, 12) printed pages using "regular" type-size [see front page], "middle" type-size [see this page], "small" type-size [see final page] or is a mix of type-sizes okay? 13) other wrestling newsletters you now read, 14) number of newsletters you regularly received one year ago, and 15) other serious comments or suggestions.

CRITICAL: Where appropriate, for each category above, please stress how strongly you feel or don't feel about it. To save time, you may list the numbers above and simply refer your response to each number. You may skip some questions if you feel the need. **IMPORTANT:** Participant's names shall remain confidential. No offense or consequence for being honestly critical. **CONDITIONS:** The special edition of Sushi will be an "exclusive" publication for survey participants only. It will neither be sold nor sent to persons who did not participate in the survey. This special edition should not be confused with regular issue #44 scheduled for mailing later in July.

DEADLINE: In order to receive a free copy of the SUSHI SUMMER SPECIAL, comments must reach us by Tuesday, June 30, 1992. (Subscribers outside the United States will be given the normal extra mail days to respond.) Please list your comments and mail them within the next few days. Send comments to: SUSHI SURVEY, P.O. BOX 36189, SAN JOSE, CA 95158. **SURVEY DEADLINE-- TUES., JUNE 30!**

[Note: The above survey and your participation in it--and the number of you who take the time to respond--will have a significant impact on the future of Sushi and its contents. A lot of time and effort is spent on each issue of this sheet. Also, there are a lot more of you reading it now than ever before. It seems reasonable that we all should be somewhat in sync. Sushi guys and gals, you've never been asked to do this kind of survey for this sheet before. Please take the time to do it now. It's important. Thanks. -- JM]

*** LETTERS PAGES FOR RING WORMS & RASSLIN BABES ***

(15) [The letters section is compiled and edited by Riki-Jack Hammeroyd (RJH) who has a very short attention span, therefore, letters to the editor must be only one paragraph long and not like most of the other letters you read in the other sheets. The letters pages in Sushi are one of the readers' most popular parts of this sheet, probably because it isn't a clone of other letters pages. Deadline for readers' contributions is Thursday, July 9. Sushi #44 will be published and mailed after WCW's 7/12 BASH Pay-Per-View from Albany, GA.]

What the hell is Sid Eudy's infatuation with softball? And why softball? Not man enough for actual baseball? Wonder what scares Sid more: A Roger Clemens's fastball or a pissed-off Mike Graham with a squeegee?

Matt Creamer, Oshkosh, WI

RJH: Don't know about you, Matt, but Roger Clemens throwing a 95 m.p.h. "squeegee" at my head would scare the hell out of me!

What is it with Eddie Gilbert? First Missy Hyatt (at the peak of her babetude, though she's lost a lot lately.) Then Madusa. This guy reels them in and then discards them like a week old angle that was going somewhere. What is it? His cologne? I'm waiting for the 900 number or a late night infomercial on Eddie's dating secrets.

Tim D'Allaird, Troy, NY

RJH: Save your money, Tim. Here's the answer for free... the three things gals want most in a guy: 1) Slow hands, 2) A nice smile, humor, warmth, compassion, and 3) A dropkick with hair.

Sometimes I wish things didn't have to change. Twenty years ago I watched a young Roddy piper sell a groin shot out on the arena floor for about 12 people. Today (when he is wrestling) Piper doesn't even sell inside the ring with thousands of people watching. Twenty years ago I watched a young Carlos Colon fight for his life against a then truly terrifying Abdullah the Butcher, and I believed it so strongly that I was willing and ready to take on Abby myself. Call me stupid, but 20 years ago, I believed in wrestling. Sometimes--just for a while--I wish I never heard of the sheets, and that I still believed wrestling was real.

Rodney Leighton, Pugwash, NS

RJH: Wait a minute, Rodman. You saying rasslin' ain't real? It's f-a-k-e? Guys like you who expose the business should be dragged naked across a football field full of nude Playmates of the Month who are covered with baby oil and haven't seen a man in six months! Actually, I know what you mean, Rodman. Know what you mean...

Wouldn't it be great to have a wife like Madusa Miceli, who could beat up any guy who ever messed with you? And isn't Gordon Scozzari a lucky man (I mean, I'd pay money to get the shit beaten out of me by the delicious Madusa.) Is Jubie Jay Mullins the Paul E. Dangerously of elementary school? I thought the Buzz and Tojo "tributes" in #41 were cool (don't let the bastards who hassled you about it get you down, Jeff.) Isn't it a shame that Meltzer didn't put out a yearbook for '91 (almost a criminal offense considering what went down last year. Three cheers to Keller for doing a yearbook.) Your analogy of Vince being manure in the great scheme of things seem right on to me.

Dan Lennard, Loxton, AUSTRALIA

RJH: Jubie Jay as Paul E. Dangerously? Gimme a break, Dan. He's worse. Much worse. Paul E. is a choirboy in comparison. And it's all the more frightening because Jubie is still only nine and a half years old.

Is it just me, or are you just dying to hear Vinnie Vegas' renditions of "Mack the Knife," and "My Way?" How about M.C. Van Hammer doing "If It's too Legit, I'll Quit," the song about his possible match with Steve Williams?

Tony Duncan, Royston, GA

RJH: How about BEFORE his match with Williams, Van The Man sings Elvis' "Don't be Cruel?" DURING the match, the Beatles' tune, "Help!" Or, AFTER the match, the old cowboy standard "Bury Me on the Lone Prairie?" God, would that match qualify as a "squash?" Or, worse, a black hole in space? (I know this won't be popular with everyone, but I like Van Hammer. He seems to be trying to learn the biz; he seems to be trying to lick his reported drug problem, and he seems to be doing the best he can with the silly gimmick he was given. Can we say the same about many of the other current "heros" who simply seem to be biding their time? Of course this does not mean I will not make brutal fun of him when and where ever I can!)

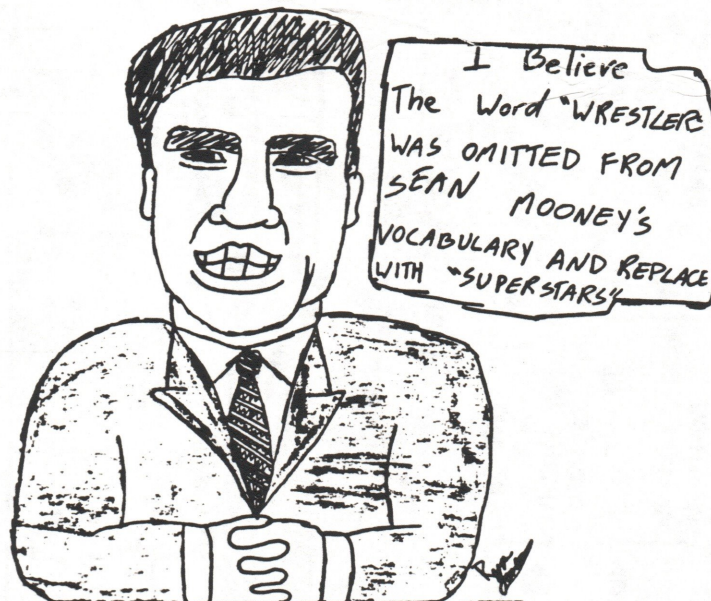
In reference to your (jestful) remarks in #42 about Dave Meltzer retiring from the sheet biz, I am reminded how Verne Gagne kept the long dead AWA "going" via videos on ESPN. Ergo (if Dave really does retire) the following prediction: After running seven months worth of the "Best of the Observer" (before anyone catches on), Dave will eventually resurface as the "Ultimate Meltzer," a complete WWF cementhead, bulked up to 280 pounds! P.S...I got this info from Vince Russo.

Jeff Cohen, Great Neck, NY

RJH: I don't think Dave is going to be too happy with your comment about him becoming 280 pounds. The image I get of Dave weighing in at 280 is a cross between Ivan "Polish Power" Putski and "Playboy" Buddy Rose. Of course, if you mean Dave's weight gain would come from roids versus inactivity, I recall my brother Jeff asking Dave, point blank, during the peak of all his coverage of the steroid scandals a couple months ago, "Dave, have you ever done growth enhancers like roids, HGH, clenbuterol, etc.? Even once?" (Those of you who have met Dave, know that he and Brian Pillman [physically, muscularly] could almost

pass as twins, with Dave looking a bit bigger.) His answer was "No." As for Dave becoming a WWF "cementhead," I guess that will depend on whether or not Dave has ever done cement. I know he likes Chinese food, but cement is another story.

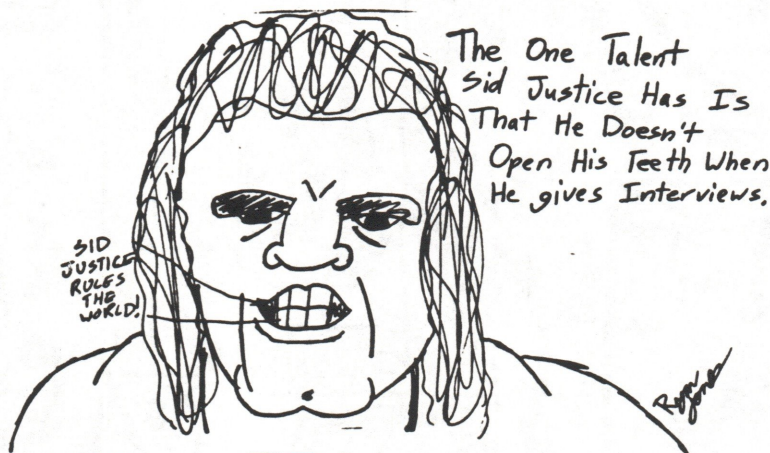
(17)



I'm still wondering how you tricked the San Jose post office into not cancelling the stamps on my last two issues of Sushi. On #41 the postmark missed the stamp by a mile, and on #42 there was no postmark at all. I don't know what kind of (ultimate) powers you have with the postal service, but it's too bad you can't channel those powers elsewhere, like getting Jushin Liger to wrestle more often in the U.S.

Bill Rushton, Seaford, NY

RJH: Bill, it's grap nuts like you who drive us crazy! You're never satisfied with all the little things we do here in Sushiland to make grap life more meaningful for all the hardcores. More! More! You're always pushing for more! Jubie Jay pulls a few strings at Titan and convinces Jim Hellwig to puke on TV and blade some of those big-time, festering boils hiding under his hairline... The economy is weak, reader cash flow is tight, so we convince the Postmaster General to look the other way so you guys can get some free stamps... Meltzer, Keller, and The Dudes With Shiite Attitudes are cranky because WCW is going nowhere under Kipporoo, so I personally make "the" call... Now you want more Jushin Liger! And after that? Andre the Giant vs Cactus Jack in a Falls Count Anywhere In a Rock Quarry? You're stressing my patience, Bill.



Being a teenager (No, I haven't started my own newsletter yet!) I naturally bring some of my sheets to school and read them during class. Invariably, one of my classmates will notice and ask what I am reading. Problem: Whenever I show them a copy of PRO WRESTLING SUSHI, the title is always questioned. Basically, next time someone asks, "What's SUSHI?", what should I tell them?

Ron Gallagher, Limestone, ME

RJH: Tell 'em it will be explained in Issue #100. [Ron, be sure to remind me then, okay? And by the way. You're not studying to be a brain surgeon, are you? Would hate to think— with you reading SUSHI during class and all—that one day you'd be reaching into some guy's skull, pulling out a fistful of grey matter and saying, "Where'd this shit come from?"]

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI'S MAP OF FAMOUS PORTLAND ARENA!!!

1991 ©

NORTH ↑

● DENOTES AREAS WHERE BABES TEND TO GATHER

BEER!

REF SANDY BARR HOLDS FLEA MARKET INSIDE ARENA ON SUNDAYS!

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RINGWORDS

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by Stephen Meyerson, Associate Editor, Brooklyn, NY

Ban The Blade: Health and Human Services Secretary Louis Sullivan estimates that 1% of all adult males in the US are carrying the AIDS Virus. Doctors and health care workers wear gloves when they examine patients. The NBA requires players who are bleeding to leave the game until the blood is wiped off. Most wrestling promotions have wisely gotten the red out. Joel Goodhart, who recently buried his TriState promotion under a mountain of debts, was running a bladebath all over Pennsylvania Hall. Ron Lemieux recently wrote about a hot IWA tag match where all 4 bladed. Wrestling can succeed without blood. Let's go for the green without the red.

Empty Promises: The worst promoter of the year has to be Joel Goodhart. Trust can be defined as advance payment for season tickets to an INDEPENDENT WRESTLING PROMOTION. The loyal TWA fans believed in Joel and in his product. When you got the shaft from McMahon, Herd, or Abrams, it wasn't unexpected. You knew what you were dealing with. With Goodhart, you thought you were getting quality shows and quality tapes, and you showed your support by paying in advance. Goodhart, who declared bankruptcy, owes a lot of his followers a lot of money. The \$10,000 bond posted with the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission covers only a fraction of the claims. What's most disturbing is that he didn't face the music. He ran away from those who trusted and believed in him. No apologies. No explanations. No communication through the newsletters. No more radio show appearances. Letting down editors and radio show hosts who supported him. An unlisted phone number and a long list of unpaid creditors. Goodhart lost a lot more than he gained from ripping off his devoted followers. He lost the respect of many as well as his good name. Goodhart promised his fans pie in the sky. All that remains is a dark cloud.

Donahue Doctrine: The wrestling industry as a whole wouldn't merit a show. The steroid story might be considered by the producers but wouldn't get air time over the lesbian greatgrandparents or topless nuns. When wrestling's headline story became gay sexual harassment of minors, wrestling finally made the Donahue show. To get on the Donahue show, the story has to be able to be reduced to a sleazy soundbite or newspaper headline. The Donahue Doctrine is that Sensational Sleazy Sex Sells Soap.

Thumbs down on the Donahue show for excluding David Shults from the panel at Vince's request. Who the ____ is Vince to veto Donahue's guests? Since Vince had no leverage, Donahue should have put on Shults and told Vince to ____ off.

Donahue's statement about the WWF grossing more than 1 billion last year was a grossly exaggerated estimate of the gross. Even Vince acknowledged that the billion dollar number was Donahue's and not his known. On Now It Can Be Told, Geraldo Rivera estimated the WWF grossed 1.7 billion last year and erroneously said the WWF grossed more than pro football. A more realistic estimate is that the WWF grosses 150-175 million annually and the WCW gross is about 25 million per year. Wrestling is not the NFL.

Seeing JYD get over in Milwaukee reminded us that inside fans who thought he'd never get over don't know EVERYTHING about wrestling. JYD returns 61 pounds lighter after a long absence and gets unexpected heat at the Mecca. Leave it to Meltzer to resurrect the Junkfood Dog crap. What has JYD (not JFD) ever done to Meltzer? There's a lesson to be learned about beating a dead dog.

IS BOXING REAL? (NY Daily News, 4/10/92) "Lon Liebergen says a first-round punch from former Jets' defensive end Mark Gastineau cracked three bones in his skull and ended his boxing career. The referee stopped Friday night's bout in Reno, Nevada at 2:38 of the first round."

Goodhart Riddance: When you combine Goodhart's fetish for blood with the AIDS epidemic, it's probably for the best that the TWA is out of business.

With Or Without A Spoon: Verne and Greg Gagne simultaneously fainted when they heard the word jobber mentioned on the Donahue show. Hearing about sexual abuse or drugs didn't affect the father/son team, but hearing the business exposed to a national audience of marks traumatized both. Doctors tried to revive them but had no success. Finally the church sent Father Time who turned the clock back 10 years to a time when the Gagnes were selling out large buildings in the Midwest. Upon awakening, a revived Verne innocently asked if the good Father could make time stand still. To rephrase the old Rolling Stones song, "Time waits for no one, and it didn't wait for Verne."

Gillette: The Best Forehead A Man Can Get: The Gillette Corporation announced heavy 1st quarter losses and attributed it to the demise of the TWA. The Wall Street Journal tried to get a comment from Joel Goodhart but his line was disconnected. Gillette hopes to recoup its losses and has begun negotiations with Jose Gonzalez and Carlitos Colon. Gillette is seeking sole sponsorship as the official razor blade of the WWC.

When economists talk about the multiplier, they're referring to how often each dollar bill in circulation is spent. We all know that newsletters are often copied or passed on from reader to reader. If Jeff sells 200 Sushi's and 400 people read it, the multiplier is 2. I don't know what the multiplier is, but I know that if it were up to WT&N Editor, Evan Ginzburg, the multiplier would be exactly 1.

I'd rather NOT see hundreds of white collar professionals casually cross a picket line of cafeteria employees outside the "Big Kitchen" restaurant in the New York World Trade Center. It's not like there's no place else to eat in the Lower Manhattan financial district. Seeing people in \$500 suits showing no respect for people demanding a living wage and union recognition is a real downer.

Many in the wrestling business must have changed their names to Liar since that's what everyone calls them.

Since Sushi was first with the Ultimate Warrior story, SNS now stands for serious news scoops. SNS was voted the top liar service.

4/27/92

SUSHI SALUTES BILLY GRAHAM, SIZES UP STEINERS, SEES FIRST WATTS' TVer! (29)

Over the years, Sushi has been rather unkind to "Superstar" Billy Graham and seemingly unsympathetic toward his steroids-related medical problems. In one issue, after it was reported that Graham's ankles were disintegrating due to long-term steroid misuse, Sushi News Service announced that Graham planned to have his legs amputated at the knees so that he could return to WWF rings as a midget wrestler. Cruel? Certainly. In poor taste? Guilty as charged. A satirical yet brutal effort to make a point about the addictiveness of both drugs and pro wrestling? Hmmm. Anyway, Superstar's physical condition (as reported in the Observer) continues to worsen, the latest episode being yet another complicated and painful hip surgery. For a man whose pride in his physique once was manifested in an ego only about as wide as the Atlantic Ocean, this current stage of life for Billy Graham has got to be the shits. It is a remarkable testament to the human spirit and will to live that Billy Graham continues to endure, survive, and keep on going in the face of what must truly be a daily, agonizing, living Hell. All the more reason (because so many wrestlers read the Observer, etc.) that the roids story does not vanish completely from page one, and that every time some Billy Graham wannabe envisions big muscles and the big push, maybe, just maybe he'll think twice about shooting the sauce and envision another, former roid monster who can't even blow out the candles on his birthday cake without having his rotted hip slip out of its joint and fall through his ass-hole. God bless, you, Superstar. Your stature at this point of your life, due to your courage to hang in there and speak out about the devastating effects of chemical growth enhancers, makes you a bigger man now than you ever were at any other point in your life. "Superstar" then? No. "Superstar" now? Absolutely. And unlike the Hulkster, a real American hero!

Phew! Those hot flashes are worse than a bushel full of Flair chops. But at least I'm alive, a better and wiser man for the experience. I hope Jubie Jay and Riki-Jack were not too irresponsible during the previous pages while I was having a brief bout against PMS and menopause. Nasty stuff, guys. Avoid at all costs.

ATTENTION: This is a double issue, costing \$3 off your subscription balance.

Where 'o where have all the tag teams gone, where 'o where can they be? The Fabulous Kangaroos? Ray Stevens and Pat Patterson? The Midnight Express with Jim Cornette? Rock & Roll? The Freebirds (in the days of Michael "PS" Hayes, Terry "Bam-Bam" Gordy and sidekick Buddy Roberts?) The Steiners? Ever since WRESTLE WAR '92 (when Scott and Rick took it upon themselves to personally pay back the Japanese for dumping so many television sets, motorcycles, and automobiles on the U.S. market--after all, what would you expect from two guys from the Motor

City part of the world?) the Steiners as a tag team have become the focus of controversy, especially in Wade Keller's Pro Wrestling Torch newsletter where columnists, readers, and Wade have hung the Steiners out to dry like a pair of skinned coyotes caught terrorizing the inhabitants of a hen house. Says Torch columnist Mark Madden in a 6/11 "memo" to Bill Watts: "Get the Steiners in the ring with Doc (Steve Williams) & (Terry) Gordy as soon and as often as possible so those arrogant jackasses from Michigan can get taught the meaning of the phrase 'stiff work'..." Hey, weren't these two brudders once the barking, dumb talking, Frank'n'Steinerline'n darlings of the mat world? Whhhhaaat's happened? I think it's simply this. The Steiner's brudder act has gotten old. Two guys who simply take a deep breath during interviews, open their mouths, and sound like they are trying to take a dump on TV isn't funny, interesting, or fresh anymore. They are bored. We are bored. The feud with Dr. Death and Bam-Bam could not have come at a better time. And when that program has run its course, I'd turn Rick against Scott in a brudder vs brudder angle. Think about it. Now that could be stiff!...

Another reason this issue is late, is because I wanted to see for myself the 6/13 first episode of WCW SATURDAY NIGHT supervised by Bill Watts on TBS. I don't know about you, but when the Cowboy and Rossi came on screen, I got a lump in my throat.

I thought the one hour show was terrific! I had just watched a tape of WWF's SUPERSTARS and there was no comparison. Watts seemed to grow into the job as commentator and boss as each segment of the show progressed. Like seasoned pitchmen, he and Jim Ross took turns building each match, explaining the new rules, discussing Ole Anderson's senior ref role, and mentioning the BEACH BLAST pay per view without sounding like McMahon humping the WWF show in Long Beach. Rick Rude referring to Medusa as "Duce" and calling Ricky Steamboat's wife and kid "Sea Hag Bonnie" and "The Little Lizard" gave me my first laugh of the day. Cactus Jack potatoing the wooden peach crate with his head--like it was Sting's injured ribs--made me wince. And, hold the phone, but did I detect a twinkle in the eyes and a bounce in the legs of the Steiners during their main event with Anderson and Austin? The match was good, but like they did so often in the days of the old UWF, Cowboy and Rossie made it better.

As some of you know, I love history, and this was a moment in wrestling's history that I wanted to share with all of you. Man, have we been through a lot together these past few years? I wish we all could have been there in my living room. No matter how it all turns out, down the long and winding road, 6/13 was a great moment. Let's celebrate it, for too often we have so little to really cheer about--in or out of this world of guints and groans.

Did I buy the BEACH BLAST? Do bears crap in the woods? See you all after the 7/12 ALBANY BASH.

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI #43, JUNE '92
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158



Instead if "Nailz," wouldn't it have been great if the guy coming out of prison for the Big Boss Man was none other than -- JIM BAKKER!

Art & Joke by Sushi staff cartoonist Ryan Jones, St. Paul, MN

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One issue remaining -
Time to renew.

